

The News and Herald.

TRI-WEEKLY EDITION.

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THE BOBOLINK.

Out in the clover blowing free
At the white clouds roll away,
In a mad-cap ripple of ecstasy
He's pouring his merry lay.

Neath the blue of the peaceful summer skies,
Where the bees round the flowers throng,
His wake, as o'er the field he flies,
Is a bubbling trail of song.

Oh, bobolink, by fancy led,
What a happy fate to wing
O'er the sea of clover billowy red,
With nothing to do but sing.

THE SEEDS OF SIN.

At the time of which I write, I was manager of the old Varieties Theatre in New Orleans, a theatre long since destroyed by fire. The season was about to open; and it promised to be an unusually brilliant one; but just at that juncture, an unfortunate occurrence changed the aspect of affairs.

The leading man of my company—an uncommonly fine company it was, too—was drowned in Lake Pontchartrain, while on a fishing excursion. I was at my wit's end to replace the young man—an actor of splendid ability—and was almost ready to despair. Time was flying, and the date upon which the Varieties was expected to open would soon arrive, and something must be done.

One morning, while sitting alone in my office, a young man made his appearance, and requested an interview. He was about thirty years of age, and one of the most perfectly handsome men I had ever seen by my fortune to meet; added to great personal beauty, possessed a graceful figure and pleasing address. His name was Edgar Harding, and he had called to apply for the position made vacant by the death of my leading man.

I was favorably impressed. He evinced talent of a high order which I soon proved by an impromptu rehearsal. My terms suited him; the result of the interview was his engagement.

The leading lady of the company was Miss Helen Gray—a dark-eyed, sweet-voiced girl—a great favorite. I saw that these two in their respective roles were destined to create a sensation, and take the theatre going people by storm. So it proved; the very first night they scored a grand success. And as the days went by, it became evident that Helen and Edgar were destined to become more than mere professional associates. They seemed to literally exist for each other. I have never seen two people better suited and I did not disapprove of the probable ending to the pretty love story. Why should they not marry and live happily? I had recently embarked upon the matrimonial sea myself, and was ready to declare that it was the only way to be "happy."

In those days divorce suits were not half so popular as they are now, and the significant question, "Is marriage a failure?" had not been publicly discussed. So I watched the progress of the affair, chuckling inwardly, as I fancied I could "hear the sound of wedding bells."

Toward the close of the theatrical season, we had placed upon the boards a new play called "Deserted." It had a pathetic plot; told old story of a loving, trustful woman deserted by the villain whose wife she believed herself to be. The play was full of tragic incidents, and I had hoped great things from it.

It was at the last rehearsal that I came upon a pretty scene not down in the programme. Edgar Harding was standing at Miss Gray's side in a retired corner; as I paused for an instant I saw him lean suddenly forward and take her graceful form in his arms, while he murmured tender love words.

And then a strange occurrence took place. As I turned swiftly away, not wishing to intrude upon a real love scene, I saw standing just behind the pair—who were so engrossed in each other—that they observed nothing—a shadowy female figure. I saw shadowy, for it seemed as if a cloud was resting upon the ethereal form, like a misty veil. She was a stranger to me; I had never met the lady before. A face of pallid, unearthly beauty, with great sad eyes, and a mass of flowing golden hair, she stood gazing upon that tender scene, with a look of wild appeal, intense suffering—anguish beyond expression. And as I drew a little nearer I saw, to my intense horror, that one dainty white hand grasped a small dagger—a sort of stiletto.

With a stifled cry I dashed forward. Surely the woman meant foul play, and I must prevent it. I reached the spot, only to come to a halt, rub my eyes in amazement. There was no one there!

Dazed and bewildered, I turned away. I said nothing to anybody, but decided to keep my own counsel, and be on the alert for mischief, for that it was intended I felt certain.

One night, not long afterward, I was alone in my office, just before the beginning of the evening performance, when Edgar Harding suddenly appeared, looking pale and troubled. He sank into a seat and covered his face with his hands, while a long silence, a very awkward silence, fell over the room. He glanced up at last, and his eyes were staring and his hands were haggard, and his eyes looked like the eyes of one who is gazing into his own grave.

"Burton," he began, addressing me, "you have been a good, kind friend to me ever since my engagement here. I have something on my mind, and I will make a clean statement of it to you."

"I tried to smile and make light of the prospective confession."

"If it concerns Miss Gray, you both have my best wishes, Harding," I cried, "and I mean to give you a swell wedding! I can well afford it, for

united efforts have made me my success this season."

He smiled sadly; it was the very ghost of a smile.

"That day will never come!" he returned, gravely. "I love her with all my heart. She (Heaven bless her!) returns my love, yet I must not, dare not, make her my wife. Burton, I am a haunted man!"

"Bah! Nonsense!" I laughed a trifle uneasily. "Why, Edgar, what in the name of common sense is the matter with you? Surely all is well since she loves you in return. And, in fact, anybody can see that!"

His face flushed, and a tender smile stole over his lips.

"I can never bind her life to mine," he said, sadly. "Burton, have you ever read a poem which says: 'Once sown seed, who knoweth what the crop is?'"

Well, I have found out that when we sow the seeds of sin, we reap misery and death. Listen, while I tell you the story of my sin.

"Some five years ago I loved—on thought I loved—a girl in the North. I was a wild sort of a chap in those days, and so—although I supposed you will despise me for it—I deceived her. She believed herself to be my wife, Burton, but I cruelly, basely deceived her. She had no legal claim upon me; and at last, weary of the tie, I deserted her."

"When she found out the truth, she lost her reason, and in a short time committed suicide, stabbing herself to the heart. Poor Lenore! she is amply revenged. Her spirit has haunted me from that day to this. I can see her now, standing before me, with her pale, sad face, and great heart-broken eyes, and flowing golden hair, in one hand the dagger with which she took her own life. Burton, I tell you truly, it is driving me mad. I would not, dare not, ask that noble girl, Helen Gray, to be my wife and share the haunted life which is my doom."

His story ended, he arose abruptly and left me, in blank bewilderment, to think over what I had heard and what I had seen!

But I was soon aroused from my reverie.

The curtain was about to arise, and I had duties to perform.

But first I went around to the wings where I expected to find Miss Gray. She was all ready to go on; looking like a picture, as she always did, for associates. They seemed to literally exist for each other. I have never seen two people better suited and I did not disapprove of the probable ending to the pretty love story. Why should they not marry and live happily? I had recently embarked upon the matrimonial sea myself, and was ready to declare that it was the only way to be "happy."

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TRAMPS OF THE OCEAN.

Dirty Nomads Looked Upon with Great Disfavor by Regular Liners.

There is one very peculiar feature in the maritime life of every country about which very little is generally known and that is the tramp steamship, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Every year numbers of steamers, some large, some small, often ugly and dirty to look at, and commonly called tramps from their readiness to go anywhere and take a hand in trade that happens at the moment to promise a profit, arrive at and leave our shores. These ocean foot-pads are generally worn out hulks, discarded by the companies who own them, and belonging to no regular line and identified with no particular class of cargo, and are sent out as a matter of speculation to pick up what freight they can from port to port, like an old and worthless horse turned out of the regular pasture to find a living by the roadside. They are the guerrillas of the sea. Some of them leave their native countries, generally England, Norway, Germany, and Spain, a few months before their annual tickets of inspection expire, and remain away sometimes for years without undergoing a new survey and inspection. On such ships the boilers may be on the point of explosion, the machinery may be in a dangerous condition, inadequate in power to propel the ship against great stress of weather; the steering gear may be warranted to jam at some critical moment; their hulls may be in the last stage of decay, and perhaps their boats are not fit to float when lowered from the davits, yet so long as the vessel holds together and after leaving one port arrives safely at another, no one grumbles except the crew, whose arrangements are oftentimes such that they can not leave the vessel if they would, for care is taken to ship, if possible, only married men, and with an offer of allotment notes, leaving half-pay to their families, these seamen must invariably find themselves that they will not desert the ship during the period agreed upon in the ship's articles. There can be nothing worse in the way of cheerlessness and discomfort than life abroad such craft, and the hardships and grievances of these seafarers are peculiarly great.

The crews are usually of a mixed character, and are made up of Scotchmen (generally as engineers), Scandinavians, English, Irish, Danes, Norwegians, Germans, Italians, Lascars, and negroes. Chief engineers receive from \$55 to \$74 per month; firemen, \$19.45; trimmers, \$14.59; carpenters, \$20.19. The average wages may be said to be about as follows: First officer, \$42.80; second officer, \$29.20; chief engineer, \$68.15; second engineer, \$48.66; carpenter, \$26.76; steward, \$29.20; cooks, \$23.11; boatswain, \$19.48; donkey men, \$20.67; able seamen, \$17.03; ordinary seamen, \$9.73; firemen, \$18.25; mess steward, \$9.73. On French "tramps" the rates per month are: Captain, \$38.60 and 1 per cent. on gross freight; mate, \$38.60; second mate, \$27.62; boatswain, \$21.23; able seamen, \$11.58; chief engineer, \$77.20; second engineer, \$36.30; third engineer, \$28.95; firemen, \$15.44; coal trimmers, \$11.53; carpenters, \$15.44; stewards, \$14.43; cooks, \$16.41; boy, \$5.79.

After having been laid up at Liverpool or Glasgow for some time orders will be given to prepare the tramp for sea. Off she will start on a voyage that will be extraordinarily zigzag. Perhaps to commence with she goes to Cardiff for a cargo of coal to one of the West Indian islands. Arriving at destination orders are given to proceed to Rio, where the captain finds a cargo of coffee for Cape Town, from whence he proceeds to Shanghai or Foochow for a shipment of tea to San Francisco or New York, if to the latter port, perhaps there is another trip to Rio, and thence a journey to Antwerp. Eventually the ship gets back home, more or less the worse for her journey round the globe, and then, with a coat of paint and a polish to such metal as she may have, this tramp is made to appear to the landsman's eye a stanch and good ship. Besides being able to carry cargoes and freight at much lower rates than the ships of regular companies, the fact of their being able to carry on other business gives them a still further opportunity to unfairly compete with established lines.

The operating expenses of these ocean tramps are reduced to a very low level. The coal consumption is small, in many cases not over twenty-five to forty tons a day; the crew is as small as possible, and the other general expenses are kept at a minimum.

On the sea the tramp steamer is but little liked. Blundering along with a bad lookout, perhaps none at all, the tramp is a terror to the owners of small sailing craft—yachts, fishing and coasting schooners—and, taking no notice of their lights, often crashes into them, remorselessly sending some of the occupants to a watery grave. The officers of mail steamers, also, profess great dislike to the tramp, which may be partly assumed and partly real, for they greatly dread a collision with some badly steered, carelessly managed vessel heavily laden with coal or iron or grain. The question is, what becomes of all the ocean tramps? Some are sold for coasting and up-river trade on the African coast and other out of the way places; many are broken up for old iron, but the majority of them probably end their career, so far as any record of them is concerned, by being chronically in the daily papers as missing, which means that they have finally succumbed to some peril of the sea.

An Agile and Inquisitive Cow.

A red and white cow climbed a high flight of steps and trotted through the second story of the Weems Steamboat Company's offices, on Light street, Bal-

timore, the other day. The cow was one of a drove shipped from Rappahannock, Va., by A. H. Jones on the steamer Essex. It was driven off the wharf into the street, and when opposite the road open entrance to the office of the company the cow suddenly turned from the street and started up the stairway, climbing twenty-four steps to the second story. At the top of the steps the visitor found herself in a 140-foot hall. Open doors were hurriedly shut and the cow struck an easy trot, and starting from the head of the stairway, ran the whole length of the hall. She poked her head out of a widow, gazed over the harbor and showed a disposition to climb out on a roof which overhung the water. Several men approached the cow from outside of the window and persuaded her to retrace her steps along the hall to the head of the stairway. Here four men took hold of the intruder and forced her down the stairs to the street again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CROWS NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

A Cunning Bird's Stratagem to Get Food at a Hunter's Camp.

"A crow is the slickest bird flying when it wants to be," said Lige Thomas as he sat on the edge of a soap box at Williams' store at Long Hill Center, near Bridgeport, Pa., "and to prove it I will tell a circumstance that occurred when a party of us were camping at Jannan Mountain pond last fall."

"There were an almighty lot of crows around the hut we occupied, and one day I brought out my gun and shot into the dock. All escaped my shot except one which was lying on the ground wounded. I went to the place and picked the wounded bird up, and found that its left leg had been broken by the shot. Taking the crow to the hut I am put the leg, and taking a hot coal from the fire burned the stump so that it would not bleed. The bird was then allowed to go at liberty, but instead of leaving the vicinity of the camp it hung around, and the boys would feed it with crumbs from the table, and it became quite tame. It would come limping into camp just like a veteran after his pension."

"At about meal time the crow could be expected at first, but at last it was more frequent. One of the boys hinted that the bird we were feeding was not the victim of my gun shot, and investigating this theory we found what a gay deceiver the crow is. Up the alley leading to the spot where the bird had been in the habit of receiving its food there hopped one day a fine black crow. There was nothing about the bird to show that it was not the same one that had been the object of our bounty so long. It had only one leg so far as we could see."

"'Til bet that ain't our crow,' said Charley."

"Yes, it is, too," I says; 'it has only one leg.'"

"You wait and see," says Charley, and away he hurried and returned with his gun. Raising it and taking careful aim he fired, and the bird stretched over on the ground dead. We made an examination, and sure enough the bird had two legs as good and sound as any bird flying. When it had come into our camp it had hitched the other up under its wing so as to deceive us and secure food. It must have watched us feeding the wounded bird and saw an opportunity of securing food by imitating that one. All crows are so near alike there is no identifying one, and the only way we knew ours was by the one leg. When such a clever imitator attacked us we were badly fooled. I do not know what became of the real wounded bird. It never showed up after the other was killed. I don't know but that we had been feeding the bogus bird for the real one for weeks before we found out our mistake as it was."

CORN AND COTTON.

Two Staples in Which the United States Lead the Whole World.

Cotton and corn are the two great American staples, and the two in which the United States stand easily at the head not only of all countries, but of all countries combined. The total cotton supply of the world, figured on the basis of bales of 400 pounds each, is about 12,000,000 bales, and of this amount the United States produces about 9,000,000 bales, or two-thirds of the whole amount. The crop here attained the highest figures before the war in 1890, when it was 4,699,099 bales of 470 pounds; 1892 was 4,699,099 bales for cotton, the crop being 9,000,000 bales of 470 pounds.

The corn of the United States for 1894 is 65,000,000 acres, and the total product 1,200,000,000 bushels, or the value of about \$600,000,000. The great corn year was 1889, with a crop of 2,100,000,000 bushels; 1891 followed with 2,000,000,000 bushels. In 1892 and 1893 the figures were about the same—1,600,000,000 bushels. Compared with the value of the corn and cotton crop, the other agricultural productions of the United States occupy a subordinate position, the value of the wheat crop being \$225,000,000, oats \$214,000,000, potatoes \$91,000,000, barley \$27,000,000, rye \$13,000,000, and buckwheat \$7,000,000.

Two surprises because of the difference in value compared with ordinary public expectations are hay and tobacco. The hay crop of the United States amounted last year to \$183,000,000 in value; the tobacco crop, on the other hand, amounted to only \$2,709,000. The last year preceding (1893) the tobacco crop was 50 per cent. greater, and considerably more than half of it came from two States, Kentucky and Tennessee. Kentucky stands at the head of the tobacco States, Pennsylvania is at the head of these in the North. Connecticut comes next; New York is fourth.—Sun.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

PINEAPPLE PRESERVES.

Take the pineapple, and take out all eyes and discolored parts. Cut in slices, cut slices in small pieces, taking out core. Weigh the fruit, and put in a pan with half as many pounds of sugar as fruit. Let it stand over night. In the morning put it over the fire and let it boil rapidly for a minute only, as cooking long discolors it. Put it in jars and seal closely.—Detroit Free Press.

GRAPE CATSUP.

Squeeze the pulp from five pounds of grapes; boil this for five minutes or until the seeds can be strained out, using a porcelain potato masher to press the pulp through the sieve; add two pounds of sugar, the skins, one cup of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of allspice and cinnamon, a saltspoonful each of mace and cloves and a half a teaspoonful of salt; add the spices in bags and boil until it thickens. The housewife who gave me this recipe adds a little cayenne pepper at the last. It is delicious with cold meats.—American Agriculturist.

CHEESE OMELET.

Maria Parlos, in Good Housekeeping, says: For three or four people use two ounces of stale bread, free from crust, two ounces of grated or finely broken cheese, one gill of boiling water, one gill of cold milk, one level teaspoonful of salt, a grain of cayenne, one tablespoonful of butter and two eggs. Have the bread broken into small pieces and pour the boiling water over it. When soft, add the salt, pepper and milk and break up fine. Beat the yolks and white of the eggs separately and stir them into the mixture. Add the cheese. Put the butter into a frying-pan and set over a hot fire. When the butter is so hot that it begins to turn brown, pour in the omelet and cook until it begins to get set, drawing the mixture back a little as you would a plain omelet. Now fold it and let it brown slightly. Turn out on a hot dish and serve immediately.

HOW TO PREPARE POULTRY.

In preparing poultry for cooking here are a few rules to follow: Chickens, ducks, capons and turkeys should be killed at least twenty-four hours before using. When well plucked, singe by removing the stove cover and putting some paper in. Pass the bird over the flame, taking care not to blacken or burn it. Out the neck off as near the body as possible. Cut the joint with your forefinger loosen the crop and take it out. Cut a slip under the rump large enough to run the hand into the body. Put the hand in carefully to loosen the contents of the body and stomach in every direction so that all may be drawn out in one mass. Pour warm water through the bird and wipe with a towel. Cut the gall from the liver, then throw the liver into cold water. Scald and skin the feet; put gizzard, heart, feet, and neck in a pint or more water, with a little onion. Let them stew slowly until reduced one-half. All poultry needs just this treatment.—New York Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To remove paint stains apply turpentine at once, if possible.

For asthma soak blotting paper in strong saltpeter water; dry, and burn at night.

Clear, black coffee diluted with water and containing a little ammonia will clean and restore black clothes.

Pour diluted carbolic acid at once upon every part of a poisonous wound; afterward give internal stimulants.

If the eyes are weakened by close work, such as painting, embroidery or reading, bathe them frequently in weak alum water.

To cleanse out glass, wash it in tepid water and dry thoroughly. Polish with a brush used for the purpose and prepared chalk.

Before beginning to seed raisins cover them with hot water and let them stand fifteen minutes. The seeds can then be removed easily.

A poultice made of Indian meal, covered with Young Hyson tea, moistened with hot water and laid on a burn will relieve the pain in five minutes.

For moist hands ninety grains of oil de Cologne and fifteen grains of benadon is an excellent lotion, after the use of which dust with powdered alum.

One of the best remedies for tooth ache is the common compound tincture of benzoin. If a few drops are placed on cotton and put in or around the tooth the pain will be almost instantly stopped.

For laundry use kerosene is very effective in whitening clothes. A half a teaspoonful in a boiler of clothes will produce a most satisfactory result. Yet care must be exercised when using this explosive material.

Where the hair is thinning the following is excellent: Mix equal quantities of olive oil and spirit of rosemary with a few drops of oil of nutmeg. Rub into roots at night. Simple rosemary tea is also good.

The sooner a man becomes convinced of the things he can't do the quicker he will succeed in life.

Life is too short to waste in critic peep or cynic bark, quarrel or reprimand. 'Twill soon be dark.

Good advice is scarce, and those who have the most of it to spare are the last ones on part with it.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

CHRISTIAN with a long face ought to pray a good deal before he starts for church. Every coward is somebody's hero. Jesus Christ was poor, but he never begged. Remember that the top side of a

Aoud is always bright.

A lazy man loses heart every time he looks at the clock.

Love is the only thing that more than pays for all it gets.

The best advertisement for a revival is the revival itself.

Controversy in religious matters pays no spiritual dividends.

God never says "Come up higher" to any except the faithful.

The sin that shines the brightest is the one most apt to kill.

Unless we find God to-day somebody else may lose him to-morrow.

If we know how to aim, the bigger the giant the better the mark.

The man who looks through cobwebs will see spiders everywhere.

If the Lord could trust us with money we would all have more of it.

The man gains nothing who loses his character and saves his money.

Rebellion against God turns its back on heaven, and makes its own hell.

The man God helps is the man who is doing what he can to help himself.

The devil may feel proud of his work when he looks at a drunkard's home.

It is always the self-righteous man who wants to know where Cain got his wife.

Some shepherds seem to forget that sheep never stand on their hind legs to eat.

For every fault we see in others we are two of our own which we overlook.

The conviction of sinners is sure to be deep when the church is hearing God speak.

The journey to the cross is short when we are willing to go to it with bleeding feet.

The devil can behave himself as well as an angel when he has to do it to gain his point.

One reason why Christ ate with publicans and sinners was that they made him welcome.

The blind would never find out that they were blind, if somebody with eyes didn't tell them so.

The religion that is only seen on Sunday, is not the kind that is going to bring the world to Christ.

When man finds God in peace it is because he sought him as a sinner when he had no peace.

The man who gives as God tells him to, will do himself more good than the man who receives his gifts.

When the devil walks abroad as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, he never shows his teeth.

God doesn't tell the unconverted man that he is a sinner, but turns on the light and shows him that he is one.

Give some people the power to move mountains, and how quick they would spoil the country for everybody else.

Moses saw the burning bush as he was passing by, but he didn't hear God speak until he turned and went to it.

A revival is as much the result of obedience to certain laws and conditions, as the production of an electric light.

The church would have greater victories if there were no men in her ministry except those whom God has sent.

The sermon that does not have something in it that God has said, will not provoke any opposition from the king of the pit.

It is no doubt easier for God to stop the sun than it is to turn a man around who has always been in the habit of having his own way.

The preacher's spiritual life is more apt to widen and deepen when he is being persecuted for righteousness' sake, than when his salary has been doubled.

The Bible declares that people of wealth and culture are not made out of any better clay than common folks, but bushels of sermons are written which studiously avoid pressing home this truth.

Working Jones for It.

"Smith is a good-natured man."

"Why do you say so?"

"Jones is telling him all the cute things his baby says and Smith is laughing heartily and seems interested."

"Smith wanted to borrow \$5 from me just now and I couldn't let him have it."—New York Press.

Begun 300 Years Ago.

In sixteen months the great drainage canal of the City of Mexico will be opened. The canal is over thirty miles long, and the tunnel through the mountain six miles. The total cost will have been \$20,000,000, and they have been rooting with the thing off and on for 300 years.

There is no cheerfulness in the world, that equals that of an amateur in re-arranging an enema.

It never becomes entirely dark to those who look up.

News in Brief.

—The deepest ocean is the Pacific.

—The Japanese are fond of t thing.

—Electrical cranes are multiplying.

—The Black Sea has a depth of 600 fathoms.

—The cost of the Mexican war was \$80,000,000.

—Berlin is said to be the healthiest city in the world.

—The velocity of light may be taken at about 186,300 miles a second.

—A new telegraph invention will convey 2000 words a minute over the wire.

—The skin is rough because by that means it is better adapted to receive sensations.

—The wren often makes a dozen nests, leaving all but one unfinished and unused.

—Germany reports 280 instances of suicide among school children during the last six years.

—Many pairs of sandals have been recovered at Pompeii. The soles are stenciled with nails.